

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The losse you haue, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.

Dorset your Sonne, that with a fearfull soule
Leads discontented steppes in Forraine soyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset*, Brother:

Againe shall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of distressefull Times,
Repayr'd with double Riches of Content.

What? we haue many goodly dayes to see:
The liquid drops of Teares that you haue shed,
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
Aduantaging their Loue, with interest
Often-times double gaine of happinesse.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.

Put in her tender heart, th' aspiring Flame
Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princessse
With the sweet silent houres of Marriage ioyes:
And when this Arme of mine hath chastised
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retaine my Conquest wonne,
And she shalbe sole Victoreesse, *Casars* *Cesar*.

Qu. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?
Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,
Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares?

Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.

Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.

Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.

Rich. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.

Qu. To waile the Title, as her Mother doth.

Rich. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.

Qu. But how long shall that title euer last?

Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end.

Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?

Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.

Qu. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.

Rich. Say, I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.

Qu. But she your Subiect, lothes such Soueraignty.

Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.

Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and too quicke.

Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead,

Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues,
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.

Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.

Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurp.

Rich. I weare.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:

Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor;

Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;

Thy Crowne vsurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou would'st sweare to be belieu'd,
Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.

Rich. Then by my Selfe.

Qu. Thy Selfe, is selfe-misvs'd.

Rich. Now by the World.

Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

Rich. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd.

Rich. Why then, by Heauen.

Qu. Heauen's wrong is most of all:

If thou didst feare to breake an Oath with him,

The vnity the King my husband made,

Thou hadst not broken, nor my Brothers died.

If thou hadst fear'd to breake an oath by him,

Th' imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,

And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,

Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for dust,

Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.

What canst thou sweare by now.

Rich. The time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:

For I my selfe haue many teares to wash

Heereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

The Children liue, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,

Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age:

The Parents liue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,

Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.

Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast

Misvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repast.

Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent:

So thrice I in my dangerous Affayres

Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:

Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres:

Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest.

Be opposite all Planets of good lucke

To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,

Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,

I tender not thy beautilous Princely daughter.

In her, consists my Happinesse, and thine:

Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee;

Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,

Death, Desolation, Ruine, and Decay:

It cannot be auoyded, but by this;

It will not be auoyded, but by this.

Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)

Be the Attorney of my loue to her:

Pleade what I will be, not what I haue bene;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserue:

Urge the Necessity and state of times,

And be not pecuifh found, in great Designs.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?

Rich. If the Diuell tempt you to do good.

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.

Rich. If your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.

Qu. Yet thou didst kil my Children.

Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.

Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed

Selues of themselves, to your recomfote.

Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.

Qu. I go, write to me very shortly,

And you shal vnderstand from me her mind.

Rich. Beare her my true loues kisse, and so farewell.

Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.

How

How now, what newes?

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast
Rideth a puissant Naue: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beat them backe:
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.

Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:

Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is hee?

Cat. Here, my good Lord.

Rich. *Catesby*, flye to the Duke.

Cat. I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haste.

Rich. *Catesby* come hither, poste to Salisbury:

When thou com'st thither, Dull vnmindfull Villaine,

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure,

What from your Grace I shall deliuer to him.

Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him leuie straight

The greatest strength and power that he can make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cat. I goe.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?

Rich. Why, what wouldst thou doe there, before I

goe?

Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should poste before.

Rich. My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?

Stan. None, good my Liege, to please you with hearing,

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:

What need'st thou runne so many miles about,

When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neereft way?

Once more, what newes?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas.

Rich. There let him sinke, and be the Seas on him,

White-liu'd Runnagat, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty Soueraigne, but by guesse.

Rich. Well, as you guesse.

Stan. Stirr'd vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,

He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.

Rich. Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword vnsway'd?

Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossest?

What Heire of *Torke* is there aliue, but wee?

And who is Englands King, but great *Torke* Heire?

Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas?

Stan. Vnlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.

Rich. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,

You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes.

Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare.

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.

Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?

Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore,

Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the

North.

Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,

When they should serue their Soueraigne in the West?

Stan. They haue not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
He muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please.

Rich. I, thou wouldst be gone, to ioyne with *Richmond*:
But Ile not trust thee.

Stan. Most mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be false.

Rich. Goe then, and muster men: but leaue behind
Your Sonne *George Stanley*: looke your heart be firme,
Or else his Heads assurance is but fraile.

Stan. So deale with him, as I proue true to you.

Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Soueraigne, now in *Deuonshire*,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his elder Brother,
With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guisfords* are in Armes,
And every houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Armie of great *Buckingham*.
Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
He striketh him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.

Mess. The newes I haue to tell your Maiestie,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himselfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither.

Rich. I cry thee mercie:

There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.

Hath any well-aduised friend proclaym'd

Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?

Mess. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord *Marquesse Dorset*,
'Tis said, my Liege, in *Yorkshire* are in Armes:

But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse,

The Brittain Naue is dispers'd by Tempest.

Richmond in *Dorsetshire* sent out a Boat

Vnto the shore, to aske those on the Banks,

If they were his Assistants, yea, or no?

Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,

Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,

Hoys'd sayle, and made his course againe for Brittain.

Rich. March on, march on, since we are vp in Armes,

If not to fight with forraine Enemies,

Yet to beat downe these Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the best newes: that the Earle of *Richmond*

Is